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Correspondence.

ITALY IN 1855-1856.

December, 1855.—The Var forms the geographical boundary between France and Italy; but it is not till Nice is left behind, and the first height of the Riviera ascended, that one feels himself really in Italy. Here the hills close round on the North, and suddenly, at a turn of the road, the Mediterranean opens before and beneath you, washing the very feet of the mountains that form the coast, and stretching away to the Southern horizon. The line of shore is wonderfully beautiful. Here an abrupt precipice rises from the sea; here bold and broken masses of rock jut out into it; here the hills slope gently down—their terraced sides covered with vineyards—to the water's edge; here they stretch into little promontories, covered with a thick growth of orange and olive trees. The lovely contrasts of light and shade, the exquisite varieties and harmonies of color, the union of all that is most beautiful in sea and shore—all beheld under the soft southern atmosphere—make up such a scene as seems, even in its actual presence, more like a vision of the imagination than a permanent reality. The first promontory is that of little Capo San Ospizio. It is covered with a close grove of olive trees, that half hides the ruined castle on its furthest point. With the afternoon's sun full upon it, the trees glimmering with light, the sea so blue and smooth, as to be like a darker sky, with not even a ripple upon the beach, it seems as if this were the very home of summer and of repose. It is so secluded and remote that none of the stir or noise ever reaches it. No road seems to lead to it; and the traveller looks down from the height upon his solitary castle, and wonders what stories of enchantment and romance belong to the ruin, that seems as if made and placed expressly for their dwelling. It is a scene out of that Italy which becomes the Italy of the memory—that Italy which is the home of the imagination.

A little further on, on a high, isolated peak, stands Esa, the city of refuge, built for safety against pirates and Moors. Still further on—

"What Roman strength Turbia showed
In ruins by this mountain road,
While like a gem beneath the sky
Of little Monaco basking glowed."

The epithet is the best that could be chosen. The little city, on its oval rock, lies basking all day in the sun, and the long western rays of the late afternoon linger on its little palace, and cling to the bright houses, and to the old church, and the grey wall, as if loth to leave them.

"Graceful palms of Bordighiera
Bending o'er the Riviera"

Mr. Kenyon's pleasant lines made the palms of Bordighiera a disappointment to me. They do not look native to the place; but have a dwindled and pining air, as if languishing for more tropical heats. They lean toward Africa, and need the sand of the desert. Most of them, too, have their crest of leaves swathed up in matting to protect them uninjured till the time of

cutting them for use on Palm Sunday. Then the tops are despoiled, and the branches taken to Rome and the other Italian cities, to be carried in the processions in the churches. The crest thus bound up had a very stiff and ungraceful air, and looked not unlike great torches springing from the trunk, ready to be lighted. Even these poor palms, however, were delightful reminders of the groves of the far East, of the gardens of Delhi, and the solitudes of the Malabar hills. The palm is the emblem of the South and the sun, as the pine-tree is of the North and snow. It belongs to the sunrise, the desert, and the Arabian Nights; the pine is the tree of sunset and the mountains of New England. Pines were growing within sight of these palms; and thus, while Bordighiera, on one side, seemed close to Bagdad and Bussorah, on the other was the Kennebec and Katahdin.

COGOLETTO.—As I passed through the lower room, a sort of bar-room, of the dirty little inn in this dirty little town, which is one of the many that claims the honor of having been the birth-place of Columbus, I was attracted by seeing a dirty Franciscan, with a large tin money-box in his hand, in close conversation with the master of the house. Their talk was in audible tones, and it appeared that the friar was trying to persuade the innkeeper to purchase from him the secret of the lucky numbers in the lottery that was to be drawn the next Saturday, in Genoa; a secret which he declared had been revealed to him by one of the saints in a dream. The friar was successful; and after haggling about the price, took a franc, which jingled into his box, and gave the innkeeper in return a slip of paper, on which were the desired numbers.

An Italian Chaucer would find admirable subjects for a set of Tales in the character and life of the people here. In these country towns, indeed, one finds himself so far back in the Middle Ages, that he feels himself a contemporary of Chaucer, and might read the Canterbury Tales as a series of stories of the present day.

GENOA, December, 1855.—The success of the experiment of constitutional government in Sardinia is at this moment the chief hope of Italy. While the other governments, from Naples to Lombardy, are continually forging new chains for their unhappy subjects, here a liberal and wise spirit of reform is uniting the interest of all classes, and a steady, gradual progress, proving the ability of the Italian nation to govern itself, without the excesses of enthusiasm, or the evils of extravagant and undisciplined hopes. While Milan and Venice are hemmed round by Austrian bayonets, and Florence is discontented under the stupid despotism of an insane bigot, and Rome stagnates under the superstition of priests, and Naples under the brutality of a Bourbon, Turin and Genoa are flourishing and independent. The old traditions of the commercial enterprise and warlike expeditions of the Genoese are being renewed, and the prosperity of this great port is one of the most important elements in the present political prospect of Italy. Every gain of material power is at the same time a gain of moral power for Sar-

dinia. Her increasing strength at home gives her new strength abroad; and her example is a daily-growing danger to the despotisms that lie around her borders. Lombardy belongs by nature to Piedmont; and no cordon of Austrian troops, no legion of spies, can keep Lombard eyes from casting longing looks toward the West, or Lombard hearts from being touched into flame by the breath of liberty that invisibly blows over the frontier. Every ship that Genoa sends from her harbor carries away, as its unregistered cargo, something of the superstition and ignorance of Northern Italy. Her trading vessels are the peaceful but irresistible fleet of freedom. Piedmont was the last retreat of liberty in Italy, and it is now becoming her stronghold.

The fine gallery of pictures in Genoa is that at the Palazzo Rosso; but even this, like most of the other Genoese collections, contains a great number of inferior works. The Genoese school has never produced any works of the first order beside the Madonna, by Pellegrino Piola, that hangs behind its glass cover, in the narrow, bazaar-like Via degli Orsefi: there are few Genoese pictures that are of much interest, either in themselves or from their associations. This picture of Piola's, painted when he was hardly twenty years old, is so placed that it is hardly possible to judge of its merits. But, though Genoa has not much to boast of its own artists, Vandyke is to be seen here to perhaps greater advantage than in any other single city. Some of his finest portraits are here, and one of the Marquis Brignole Sale in this gallery of the Palazzo Rosso; and another, of an unknown person, that hangs in the same room, show all those qualities for which his best portraits are distinguished. Vandyke paints always like a man who enjoyed life, and understood well the external charms and the picturesque varieties of the world. He renders character in his portraits like a man of the world, not like a philosopher, or a deep student of human nature. His men are such as they appeared to their common contemporaries, such as they might have been seen on horseback or in the street, such as they liked to seem. They are men whom we know as acquaintances, not those whose inner hearts are opened to us. In the same room where are these two pictures by Vandyke, is a most interesting collection of portraits by other masters, Perugino, Francia, Albert Durer, and Tintoretto; but it is in the Balbi Palace that a portrait is to be found, which far surpasses any of these, and which, compared with Vandyke's, shows the difference between the portrait of a man's looks and of himself. It is on the left-hand side of the long gallery—the head of a "man unknown," by Titian. It is only, however, the man's name that is unknown; for as long as this portrait exists, the man will be known to every one who can understand the expression of character, and can read a history in a face.

PIETRA SANTA, 9th December, 1855.—A year ago, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin was pronounced at Rome, and the first anniversary of this event, "which spread joy through the heavens and the earth," as an inscription that I read declared, has been celebrated to-day as a festa. The streets of the town

through which we have passed have been filled with bright crowds of people keeping the holiday, and all the bells of the churches have been ringing. We stopped at Pietra Santa just at sunset, and I went down through the narrow street to the square of the little city, where the fine old church of St. Martin, with its tall and rough brick campanile, form, with the Church of Sant' Agostino, a group of buildings of striking peculiarity and interest. The square was almost empty, except immediately around the doors of St. Martin's, through which people were passing in and out. Going into the church, I found that it was full of worshippers. The high altar was lighted with a hundred candles, that burned in the midst of brilliant decorations and hangings of crimson drapery. The light about the altar was the only light in the church, the nave and aisles were dim in the twilight. The chief service of the day was being performed. On the step of the altar, in front of the railing, were kneeling a band of the *fratres penitentiae*, in black dresses with white capes, girt with a cord about their waists. Immediately behind them sat the *Gonfalonieri* of the city in purple cloaks lined with yellow, and black velvet caps with white plumes. Soldiers kept the space around them clear, but all the rest of the church was filled by men and women of every class, in characteristic and picturesque varieties of dress, standing or kneeling, while the priests chanted, and the choir, supported by the organ and trumpets, took up in turn its parts of the service. It was a scene from the Middle Ages. It seemed as if the old church were filled with such a crowd as might have collected within it five centuries ago. All was in keeping—the strange superstition which was being celebrated as a doctrine of pure religion—a superstition received with unquestioning faith by many of the ignorant but sincere worshippers—the changing to darkness in the church, save where the candles shone on the gold and silver ornaments of the altar—the voices of the priests, interrupted now and then by the clink of the tin money-box in the hand of the beadles, as they passed round to collect the offerings of the pious—it was hard to feel that this was a Christian ceremony in a Christian church. But when one voice in the choir singing, to the accompaniment of a single trumpet, in tones of exquisite pathos, with a feeling from the heart that seemed to lift them to Heaven—when this one voice sang—

"Mater Christi, ora pro nobis,
Mater dulcissima, ora pro nobis,
Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi,"

then the spirit of the supplication filled the soul, and the service was changed from a show to an act of worship. When the music ceased, and the priests began to chant the psalm, the people took up the responses, and the church was filled with the solemn sound of a multitude of voices in prayer, *Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum.*

When the mass had ended, it was growing dark out of doors. The *Gonfalonieri* were accompanied by their guard and a band of music to the city hall, and the illumination which had been prepared for the evening celebration was commenced. As

the night became darker, the scene became more beautiful. From the gate in the old wall down through the main street leading to the square, the houses were prettily lighted up, but in the square itself the churches, and all the other buildings round it, were brilliant with lamps, while lights shone down from the ancient castle crowning the hill that rises above the city. In a little chapel, whose outside was covered with colored lamps, a choir of boys were singing. The townspeople and the peasants were assembled in great numbers to see and take part in the show, and their gay and picturesque costumes gave an additional charm to the scene. The night was calm, so that the lamps burned steadily; and the pleasure of the time was increased by the mildness of the air, which had no touch of winter in it. The old church, such a church as is found only in North Italy, with the irregular mouldings of its doors, its quaint carvings, and its beautiful rose-window, stood upon its platform, raised above the level of the place, looking only the more venerable in the imperfect brilliancy of the illumination, which, while it sharply defined some of the main lines of the facade, left broad spaces of wall in dim and shadowy obscurity. An illumination is, perhaps, always quite as fine in its effects of darkness as of light; and, while the eye is charmed with the shining and brilliant lines cut sharp against the dark sky, or with the fiery ornaments of crosses and stars that lie against the black walls, or with the pencilings of light that show the exquisite delicacies and gracefulness of some ancient stone-cut ornament—the imagination leaves all these, and wanders off to lose itself among the hidden secrets of the dense masses of blackness that catch not even a reflection of the brightness around them, but lie deeper and darker than night, vague and mysterious, in the very heart of light.

PISA.—There are few buildings in the world so complete in their effect, so impressive at first sight, and of such increasing interest with longer acquaintance, as the Duomo group at Pisa. Forsyth has expressed a portion of their peculiar charm, in one of those vivid and poetic half-lines with which he redeems his sour criticisms, when he speaks of them as "fortunate alike in their society and their solitude." Pisa has an air of repose, but not that of decay, which is usually associated with it in Italian cities. It is at once quiet and cheerful, and in its most retired part, close to its battlemented wall, remote from bustle but not secluded from approach, stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower. To their original beauties time has added those which only come with age, softening and harmonizing all that was rough and incongruous, and giving to their white marble a hue which can only be described as that of marble interfused with the gilded rays of sunshine, and, while adding these beauties, has accumulated with them all the charms of Art and of association. The contrast between the color of the buildings and the blue sky is one of the most perfect of their characteristics; and the effect of the slanting shadows, thrown by a clear afternoon sun from the seven circles of the pillars of the tower, from the pillared stories of the

front of the Duomo, and from the exquisite tracery of the arches of the Campo Santo, is one of those effects which show how nature delights to adorn and embellish the works of men, and how, when men build worthily, all the elements themselves befriend their work—and is one of those scenes of beauty which, once beheld, can never be forgotten.

Ruskin, in one of the notes in the second volume of "Modern Painters," speaks of the wretched character of the repairs made some years ago in the Campo Santo. A new spirit seems now to direct the work of restoration in these venerable buildings, and the Baptistery, which, when I saw it last, was much neglected and decayed, is now being restored with great elegance and care. The works upon the exterior are nearly completed, and within they are in rapid progress—so that nothing of its ancient character being destroyed, it will soon become one of the most perfect as well as the most precious records of the revival of Art.

For the student of the works of the early artists, there is no place in Italy of greater interest than the Campo Santo. Its treasures have been often described, but no description, however glowing, can convey an impression of the solemn beauty and sacred interest of the place. Not one of its frescoes that has not suffered from the injuries of weather, and the worse injuries of re-painting; many of them almost obliterated, many shattered by careless work upon the building, many broken away to give place to worthless modern sepulchral monuments, patched with bits of coarse raw plaster, clamped with bands of iron that pass over some of their finest passages, yet some of them still retain enough of outline and of color to show what they must once have been, and to give the strongest impression of the genius of their authors. Nor is their interest only that of works of genius. They have a still higher value as works of men inspired with a pure and earnest love of Art—men who worked not for fame alone, not merely for hire, but as penetrated with a sincere sense of the religious nature of their labor. In this consecrated burial-place, their pictures were to prepare the soul for life and for death. They were not the vain imaginings of the fancy, not for mere delight, but they were representations of the deepest and most essential realities. It is in them that one may find the religious ideas of the Middle Ages exhibited in their most impressive forms; and, spite of all grotesqueness of arrangement, deficiency of drawing, ignorance of composition, and absence of the graces of a later age, it is from them that one may learn the power of an Art, which, though it embodies the crude and false religious notions of a dark age, does so with a simple and sincere faith.

In seeing these frescoes, one feels that the "pictura ecclesiastica" were indeed in those times the "*libri laycorum*." The lessons they taught were easily learned, and the stories they held were too plain to be misunderstood, and I am not sure that it would be too great a refinement to suppose the invention of printing, and the common distribution of books, to be one of the causes of that decline in the character of art which took place in the 15th and 16th centuries.

In speaking thus of these frescoes of the

Campo Santo, it is not to be forgotten that they do not all belong to one age, and that they are not equally marked by the same characteristics. The difference of a hundred years between Orcagna and Benozzo Gozzoli, is a difference clearly marked in their works. But the grace and the refinement of the latter painter do not counterbalance the dramatic power, the magic passion, and the strong humor of the earlier master. "The Last Judgment" of Orcagna is almost unsurpassed in the whole range of art, in these qualities, and I know few pictures which can be compared for variety, truth, and vividness of expression, with this, and the adjoining "Triumph of Death." The attempt to represent "The Last Judgment," (putting out of view the shocking nature of the religious imagination embraced in it), is so utterly the result of material conception, that it can only be accounted for and understood in an age in which superstition had taken the place and authority of truth. As embodying one of the common conceptions of the Middle Ages in a vivid and forcible manner, and as being the expression of the artist's own belief, this picture of Orcagna's has a far higher value, in a moral point of view, than the representations of the Last Judgment by later artists, and especially than the most famous of all, that by Michael Angelo, a work in which the absence of deep feeling is as marked as the wonderful intellectual vigor, and of which some of the most striking portions are copied directly from the fresco of Orcagna.

The general arrangement of Orcagna's picture is very simple. In the upper centre sit the Virgin and the Saviour, each in a separate glory. Above them, on each side, are angels bearing the instruments of the passions; a little beneath them are twelve sitting figures of saints and apostles, six on either side. In the immediate centre of the picture stands the archangel Michael, holding a scroll in each hand. On one of these scrolls is inscribed in Latin, "Come ye blessed of my Father," and on the other, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." At his side are two angels blowing the trumpet of doom, and at his feet crouches, in an attitude and with an expression of inconceivable pathos, the archangel Raphael, the guardian of mankind, shrinking as it were, into himself, and turning his eyes away from the awful and overwhelming spectacle of the condemnation of the wicked. The lower portion of the picture is occupied by the band of the just on the one side, and by that of the workers of iniquity on the other. Between them stands the archangel Gabriel with a drawn sword, while other angels are pushing the wicked into the open gates of hell. This is the simple composition; the power of the picture lies in its details. The attitude of the Saviour is conceived in a spirit of the highest imagination, for while his right hand is raised as if in condemnation of the wicked, with his left he pulls aside his garment to show the wound in his side, as if to remind them of that death, the knowledge of which had been of no avail over their lives. The various gestures and expressions of the hosts of the good and the bad are full of truth and feeling. And it is here that the bold and grim humor of the painter finds opportunity for its display. Among the bad, as well as among the good, are kings and queens, and

nuns and monks. On the side of the good, as if he belonged among them, is seen a friar rising from his tomb, but an angel has caught him by the hair to drag him to the opposite side, and to cast him among the damned. Directly opposite these figures are those of an angel, and a man in a common citizen's dress; the man has risen from his tomb among the bad, but he belongs among the good.

With all the expressive character of this picture, it is perhaps surpassed in dramatic power by the "Triumph of Death," which adjoins and precedes it, though this latter picture has no single figure equal in effect to that of the archangel Raphael. Its composition, moreover, is so confused that no description can give a distinct conception of the general arrangement. It is, indeed, rather a series of pictures, all illustrating one subject, than a single composition.*

There are few places which are so harmonious in their character with the works of art that they contain, as this Campo Santo. The cloistered aisles paved with sepulchral slabs; the sun falling through the gothic tracery of the arches, and casting down dark shadows upon the effigies of crusaders and religious men, worn with the steps of centuries; the relics of ancient sculpture, and of Middle Age carvings, placed around the lower walls; the sarcophagi in which the ashes of kings have lain; the chains that marked the ancient servitude of Pisa, now restored by Florence, and hung up here, where jealousies and rivalries are to be forgotten; the consecrated earth from Palestine, covered with the greenest grass; the dark cypress, the closed-in quiet, and solitude—all give to this Campo Santo that solemnity and beauty of aspect, that air of peacefulness and repose, which befits the burial-place where a city has laid its chosen dead for more than five hundred years.

There is one other scene in Pisa of such great beauty that it deserves to be remembered even with the cathedral buildings. It is the Lung' Arno at sunset. The sun goes down behind the Ponte à Mare and the Torre Guelfa. The heavy, irregular arches of the bridge, and the tall, square mass of the tower, stand out against the red sky, and are reflected in the rapid water. On the southern bank stands the little gem-like chapel of the Spina; its white marble pinnacles, crockets, and finials catching something of the sunset glow. On the other bank is the line of houses and palaces, conspicuous among which is that which bears the chain over its door, and the inexpressible words, "Alla Giornata," cut on the block from which it hangs. To the north and east, miles away, the mountains rise blue, above the city, their snow-tipped summits tinged with a golden rose-color. And,

"On the surface of the fleeting river,
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, and it does not pass away." N.

* Within the past year the pictures in the Campo Santo have been most successfully photographed, and in reproducing them, photography has done an immense service to the lovers of art. No engraving could correctly represent their present state; and the expensive series published many years since by Lezainio, although excellent in many respects, and preserving the general character of the frescoes, in some instances filled out the missing and defaced forms too much, and in others failed to represent the peculiar expression in delicate portions of the original works. The student of early painting can hardly obtain a greater treasure than these photographs.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER XI.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1856.

At last, on the 16th of this month, appeared the third volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," a fact which stands almost single in the month's Art-record, but fills a considerable space of itself. The volume is of about the same size as the first or double that of the second, and is illustrated, unlike its precursors, with designs in a considerable variety of manner—from woodcuts in the text to *fac simile* illumination, and from exposures of Claude's tree-drawing to pieces of landscape from Ruskin's own hand, now deep and massive in effect, now of the Turner type in fullness and delicacy of detail. As before, the fourth volume is announced to appear next month, and the fifth in the course of the year.

What between the as yet very imperfect cognizance I have taken of the new volume of "Modern Painters," and the knowledge which yourselves, and through you the readers of THE CRAYON, will doubtless shortly acquire of it, I feel that it is scarcely within my province to enter upon the subject; as all that I have to say at present is matter, not of Art-news, but of personal opinion. But you will take what I say at what it is worth, whether intrinsically or to you; and, therefore, as the subject is not one to be dismissed in a sentence, I proceed with a few scattered notes and notions.

The rumor went that volume three of "Modern Painters" was to be "all about Turner;" indeed, it seemed to be not unreasonably inferable that volume two, by its analysis of beauty and imagination, had sufficiently paved the way for this main purpose of the author. Such, however, proves not to be the case. The new volume still only leads up to the great Turner poem which is to succeed. This volume treats "of many things"—and treats them with more discursiveness of selection and arrangement than in the others. It commences by reviewing current opinions on the grand style, and especially Sir Joshua Reynolds's position, that the low style resembles historic narrative in fullness of detail, while the grand style resembles poetry in its broad generalizations. In confutation of this, it is ably contended that the true means of written poetry is not generalization, but individuality of specific detail; and poetry is described as consisting in the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotion. "Realization," and "Real Greatness of Style," furnish two chapters in extension of the same arguments. Then are examined the False Ideals—Religious and Profane: the True Ideals—Purist, Naturalist, and Grotesque. This is admirably treated. The balance between the purist and naturalist excellences is held with the nicest hand; and Ruskin, with all his intense enthusiasm for such wonderful spiritual attainment as that of Fra Angelico, pronounces that purism is never entirely free from weakness, and that the naturalist ideal is the integrally true one. The almost endless question of the worth of finish, which has been so often argued, re-argued, qualified, and counter-qualified, is brought to

the intelligible test: true finish is additional truth—therefore, it is right and great. This matter, I recollect, and the one which succeeds it, "The Use of Pictures," have already been hinted at in letters from Ruskin to THE CRAYON. After this, the subject of landscape is definitely grappled with. The absolutely novel manifestation of human mind in modern landscape, the altogether different point of view which it indicates, in contrast with anything bequeathed to us by the past, are forcibly urged. The chapter on the "Pathetic Fallacy"—that is, the influence of human emotion upon the apprehension of external nature—is wonderful in analysis, containing some of the finest, clearest, and most convincing things which Ruskin has spoken. It is very much the principle of the purest ideal over again: that the pathetic view of Nature belongs to the poetic temperament, but to a temperament weak in comparison with that which not only vibrates to the pathos, but controls it by force of will, and pierces into facts as *they are*—resigning this terrible self-control only in conjunctions of so overwhelming a nature that to remain cool under their weight were to be insensible. The concluding portion of the volume is occupied with Classic, Mediæval, and Modern Landscape, the Moral of Landscape, and a chapter named "the Teachers of Turner."

Two supreme central ideas mould and vivify the whole argument of the volume: that greatness is inspiration; and that imagination cannot swerve from truth. Once well convinced of these principles, we should get rid of a vast mass of foolish teaching, profless talk, and effort doomed to inevitable frustration. In other respects, the strenuous incidental upholding of modern Pre-Raphaelitism, the justice impartially dealt out, however severe may be its sentence, to small men and great—even to so great an one as Raphael—and the abhorrence of Germanism in Art and metaphysics, are noticeable. The volume is, of course, crammed with thought, with knowledge, and with eloquence, or it would not be Ruskin's.

Much—indeed everything—remains to be said on this subject; but I leave it to those to whom it more properly belongs.

A minor matter is that of a prize which Ruskin has been offering for the best stone Gothic capital, to be sent in competition to the Architectural Museum, where he delivered some addresses about a year ago, and of which I have before had occasion to speak. No weight, it was announced, would be given to finish of execution, but only to the quality of design. On a recent visit, I noticed three specimens which had been sent in for this purpose. Perhaps none of them could be deemed very satisfactory; but there was creditable character in two of them—of which the one that appeared to me second-best was the production of a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, as I was informed. Another of Mr. Ruskin's spheres of activity has, if I am not mistaken, produced some new result in the new volume; one of his pupils from the Working-men's College having been concerned in getting up the illustrations. This institution, by-the-by, continues to flourish—I mean in its Art-classes, with which alone I have to do: both Thomas Wolner in modelling, and Dante Rossetti in figure-

drawing, find that pupils have pretty nearly reached the end of their tether in the particular forms of instruction to which they have been set.

Among illustrated books of the past month, I have to notice a "Tam o' Shanter," with fine steel engravings, produced for a "Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland," from designs by Mr. John Faed. The artist is Scotch, has worked with care and interest, and has quiet, but not fantastic, humor. He has, on the whole, done credit to himself, and no ill-turn to Burns. There is, also, a new issue of the much-admired ornamental edition of Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," very gracefully decorated, though feeble in its illustrations proper.

Our annual photographic exhibition has grown to be one of the most popular in London. It opened for the present year about a fortnight ago, and marks, as it does with each successive recurrence, some further advance of the Art towards perfection. How exquisite and endless is the delight afforded by photography, though a certain person, worthy of all respect, *does* call it "Devil's work" for doing, by mechanical means, what only the human brain and hand have a right to do. A marked feature in the present exhibition are the groups and figures "in character"—costumed and arranged so as to form some picturesque group, or tell some dramatic story. This, however, is rather a vagary of the Art, and seldom rises superior to a stagey and artificial effect. In other respects, and especially in the character of the landscape-pieces, there is the national English character pronounced as distinctly as in painting.

It may be worth mentioning, in connection with what I said last month regarding the coloring of statues by Marochetti, that I hear of a particular instance in which he has brought the question to the *experimentum crucis*, by coloring a figure of an Indian woman *au naturel*. The result is said to be extremely beautiful, and altogether free from the base wax-work-look which ordinary opponents of the principle predicate as inevitable. We shall see. Gibson also is reported to be doing work "in which a tinge of pink is given to the cheek, a tinge of blue to the eye, and a tinge of Auburn to the hair." But this, if this is all, has not the boldness of Marochetti's experiment.

A promising and important advertisement is that of a "Grammar of Ornament," by our distinguished decorative architect, Owen Jones, the painter of the Crystal Palace, and author of the splendid volume on the "Alhambra." The new work is to present "three thousand examples from various styles, exhibiting the fundamental principles which appear to reign in the composition of ornament of every period." It will appear in fortnightly parts, and will number one hundred folio plates, printed in colors. The work, as the advertisement proceeds, "when complete, will consist of the Ornament of various savage tribes, Egypt, Nineveh, and Persia, Greece, Pompeii, Rome, Byzantium, the Arabs, the Turks, the Moors, Persian MSS., the Indian Exhibitions of 1851 and 1855, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Celtic Races, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Elizabethan Period, the Italians; and a series of leaves

drawn from Nature as models of ornament;" these various forms of Art being represented in a number of plates, varying from three to ten each. The work is likely to be the finest of its kind which England, at any rate, has produced.

I cannot conclude my letter without allusion to the painful death, in your country, of the English artist, Glass, whom I had the honor of knowing personally with some degree of familiarity. There was a genuineness in him, both as a man and an artist, and a resolute energy, which attached his friends, and had already produced works of decided individuality and conspicuous force and merit. He seemed to have now obtained a firm footing in an honorable and successful career;—and here, alike sudden, strange, and mournful is the end of all.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

A SNOW-SHOWER IN SPRING.

(From the German of Heine.)

'NATIVE a snow-white tree thou stittest,
While the winds sound shrill afar,
And the passing clouds in silence
Draw the vapors round their car.

Field and forest, all are barren,
Last year's leaves around thee sweep;
Winter in, within, and round thee,
And thy heart is frozen deep.

Suddenly there fall from o'er thee,
Trembling flakes that drop below—
Till thou think'st the tree is pouring
Round thy seat a fall of snow.

But it is no storm of winter,
As thou watching soon shalt see,
Fragrant blossoms of the Spring-time,
These that fly and light on thee.

What a magic shower of sweetness,
Winter changing into May;
Snow becoming fragrant blossoms,
And thy heart's frost melts away!

FRANCIS RUDE, whose death has recently occurred, was one of the most distinguished sculptors that France has produced. He was born at Dijon, in 1784, and when but a child, displayed a taste and love for the Art in which he was afterwards to excel. In 1812 he obtained the grand prize of sculpture at Rome, and his talent was remarked and fostered by Napoleon I., to whom and whose cause Rude was devotedly attached. The restoration of the Bourbons consequently proved a period of obscurity for the young sculptor; he remained unnoticed by them; and it was not until the revolution of 1830 that the era of Rude's fame really began. He, from that time, rose rapidly in public estimation; and in 1833 his exquisite statue of the Neapolitan fisherman, which Louis Philippe rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, placed Rude at the summit of his profession. He was the principal artist employed, in 1836, by M. Thiers, to decorate the Arc de Triomphe d'Étoile; his carved performance on that famous arch, representing the departure of the French republican armies to defend the soil, in 1795, has proved a constant theme of admiration. Rude's death was caused by an attack of the gout. The Grand Jury of the Exposition Universelle had just granted him a Grand Medal of Honor.

THE following book we see announced for publication in England: "LANGUAGE OF THE EYE—its Nature and Philosophy; its Organization, Dignity, Expression, Susceptibility; with an Essay on Beauty." By Joseph Turnley. With original illustrations by Gilbert and Anelay.